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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER AT EASTBOURNE.

"After an adventurous journey, Poor Pa, mamma and the children have at length reached Eastbourne. My revered male parent writes me that the inhabitants thereof greeted him with open arms; but I learn from a private source that his appearance was greeted with the tolling of church bells. Owing to Dad's pockets being in their usual condition—viz., empty—a bathing-machine had to be pressed into the services of the Family on the first night of their arrival. The next morning, though, the proprietor of the machine failed to appreciate the honour bestowed upon him, and his remarks made Papa feel uncomfortable."—TOOTSIE.

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.



It's no fable! For instance, Jones rarely forgets to bring his dinner at five minutes late; but—

Chancing to catch his wife's eye, he immediately perceives that dinner ought to be served at least five hours late.

Nay; on more mature consideration, and encountering a second glance, he perceives that he ought to be grateful if he dines once every five years!

CARD SHARPERS.

In a book published in 1861 by Robert Houdin, the French conjurer, called, "The Cheating Tricks of the Greek Unveiled," are to be found some very curious stories. We will briefly repeat two of them:

Two cardsharps, named Andréas and Raymond, who had made a fine harvest at Boulogne-sur-mer, arrived, at the close of the season, at the sleepy old town of St. Omer, where they put up at the best hotel, giving out that one of them wanted to buy a property in the neighbourhood. He, however, could not find anything to suit him, and was about to depart, when, seemingly, he was taken very ill and the best doctor in the town was sent for. The doctor asked what was the matter with him, and Andréas said that he was suffering from a fearful headache, and was afraid that the symptoms announced the return of brain fever from which he had suffered before. The doctor suggested bleeding, and Andréas was accordingly bled. The doctor proposed calling again next day, advising fasting and absolute repose. When he was gone the poor invalid sat down to a big dinner. Next day he described his state as being so serious, that he had summoned two nephews to his bedside. Presently, to amuse the invalid, the young men and Raymond played cards, and Andréas languidly bet on the game. The doctor dropped in. He was passionately fond of "the Devil's playthings." Andréas asked him to hold a hand for him at *écarté*. The doctor was lucky, and at the

end of the sitting he handed over sixty louis to the poor man in bed, and, as he did so, said that he did not know whether the result had been arrived at through Andréas's good luck or his own. "Why not play on your own account?" said the invalid. "I'll bet on you." The doctor did, and very soon won a hundred louis. He then begged to be excused playing any longer then, as he stood in need of rest, but promised to return and give them their revenge next evening.

Poor doctor! By the end of that evening he came off a loser of £1200. Andréas was supposed to have lost an equal amount, but this, of course, was "spoof." The two supposed nephews were common blacklegs, hired for ten francs a day and their keep, and the spoil, when the hotel bill and the doctor's bill were paid, was divided between Andréas and his friend Raymond, who as quickly as possible cleared out of the town.

That honour does not always exist among thieves is amusingly exemplified in the next story. A well-known Italian sharper, nicknamed La Candeur, hanging about Paris, made the acquaintance of a rich young provincial gentleman, who had come to the gay city to see the sights. They rapidly struck up a friendship, and one evening, having found out that he was going to the opera, our sharper and two others of his class went there too, and, seemingly by accident, all met together in the saloon of the theatre, where they found the pigeon refreshing himself. La Candeur accosted him and introduced the other sharpers as members of the aristocracy. Their talk was so pleasant and the rich provincial was so delighted with their company, that he invited them to supper at the Maison Dorée. The invitation was accepted, and the repast was of the choicest. After supper cards were proposed, and the three sharpers, with a bland smile, sat down to pluck their pigeon.

The pigeon, seating himself, placed on the table a bulky pocket-book, from which he drew forth a twenty pound note. It had been agreed by the trio that he should be allowed to win a hundred and twenty pounds that La Candeur's partners had in their pockets, and that then he should be robbed without mercy. He did not take long to win the money, but declared that he was ashamed of having such a run of luck, and that they must get at least some of their losses back, and he proposed staking fifty louis. Hardly, however, had he said the words than he clapped his handkerchief to his nose—it had burst out bleeding.

He hastily left the room, leaving his pocket-book, into which he had thrust the bank-notes he had won, upon the table. La Candeur, in sympathy, followed his friend to see if he could render any assistance. The two sharpers left behind looked at one another and then at the book.

They learnt from the waiter that La Candeur and the pigeon had left the café to go to a chemist's. They would probably be away five or ten minutes. Why not grab the pocket-book? But the bill had to be paid, or the waiter would not allow them to depart. They paid the bill, and decided that if the worst came to the worst, and they met the pigeon on the way, they could restore the property. At the street door an idea occurred to the one who held the book. He sent the other upstairs again to say that they would expect their two friends to join them at the Café Riche, to continue the game. As soon as he was gone, the man with the book bolted.

The book, on inspection, was found to contain nothing but worthless paper. The pigeon was no pigeon at all. He had only pretended to put the notes into the book. His nose had not really bled. He was a pal of La Candeur's, and they had run away with the other two sharpers' money.

LAITEST FROM THE RING SIDE.

the first round nex weak. quenisbery rools. the stalks av bin deposit an' the perlice squir, the conkerer will be cawl the cham- pying off the World unlest Korbitt dispute iss rite too the titul. (Next week, "Bendigo.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Much obliged for good opinion. You express in letter, MICK. Thanks for kind inquiry, SNIFFY, ALLY's fairly up to dick. Haven't space to use 'em, CHUMMIE. Glad to hear it, A. S. B. SLOPER's always said, ADMIRER, It's the thing he likes to see. Very funny relic, TARTAN: Really wonderful these freaks. ALLY, you must notice, CARLO, Vengeance nearly always wreaks. Quite beyond our comprehension. Tell us what it means, A TOUT. Tootsie's glad to hear it, KITTY; That's the place, without a doubt. Out of print, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. Six or seven, ARTHUR WEST. Surely you have noticed, PASSES, ALLY's most imposing oval.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

First Darling. Didn't George squeeze your hand when he said good-bye, last night?

Second Darling. Yes, love; and I'm in hopes he'll ring it, next time he comes.

"I'm wedded," said the poet, "to My muse, you know, of course."
"Indeed!" his friend responded, "then Pray do get a divorce."

New Friend. And does your daughter sing, Mrs. Stuckup?
Mrs. Stuckup. Oh, yes! quite well enough for a lady. Not like some of those common people who do it for money, you know; and I shouldn't like it if she could.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 532.—The "Hastings Bathing" Costume.



Lunar Phenomenon observed by a gentleman returning home from a little dinner in the City.



THE MILKMAID.
Up to date, and up to everything else.



Fair One. Isn't that dreadfully realistic! The actors are shooting their pistols at one another, and—
Youngster. Don't think much of it. There isn't any of 'em being killed.



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.
No. 14.—Sterna.



Uncle Remus. I don't say as you'd steal, Jake, but if I was a chicken I'd roost mighty high when you was about.

Private Bar—Sloper's Head.
Sniper (in a whisper). I say, SLOPER has just asked me to lend him two and sixpence, shall I let him have it?
Stripper. Oh, yes, let him have it, for goodness sake! He has just asked me to have a drink.

"I WISH, sir," said the next door neighbour, wearily, "you had your daughter taught the organ instead of the piano." "And why," queried the father of the musical young lady. "Because," said the other, with a sigh, "an organ usually has several stops." And he strolled slowly and sadly away.

Mistress (preparing to go out). Mary, just run into the hall and see whether the thermometer's falling.

New Irish Domestic (after an absence of a minute). Shure, mum, an' it's the illigant thing you mean hangin' agin the wall, it's just as safe as ever, an' I've pushed it hard myself to make sure.

THE missionary who goes to show
The heathen he's a sinner,
Receives embarrassing requests
At times to "stop to dinner."

First Man. Well, old chap, and how are you? getting on better, I hope?

Second Man. Well, I suppose I am; I'm getting better off, anyway.

Tommy. Grandpa, what is the meaning of "Those whom the gods love, die young"?

Grandpa. Oh—er—well it—er—it means that the good people are taken early from this world of trouble.

Tommy. My! what a hoary old sinner you must be, grandpa!

THE Ancient will always own up to his faults. "I confess," he said, as he lapped up the first rum and milk, "I confess that I had some difficulty in finding the keyhole last night." "Keyhole," responded McGooseley, contemptuously, "only the keyhole! why bless you, ALLY, I'm dashed if I could so much as find the bally door."

Scribbles. Oh! I say, have you heard that our tame poet has gone off his blooming chump?

Editor. Nonsense, man! Why, he was in here this morning as sane as y— I am.

Scribbles. Well, I just met Jokeleigh, and he assured me that he was light-headed.

Editor (pondering). Light-headed? Oh, ah! yes; quite true. He has had his hair cut.

He (boastfully). Yes, I made up my mind, when quite a boy, to become famous.

She. And how long have you relinquished your ambition?

"My wife and I have never exchanged an angry word." "You don't really say so, how wonderful!" "Not at all; she's been dumb from birth, poor thing!"

Roorly. D'ye want to hear an awfully good joke about—
Rustler. No, thanks; you've told me it before.

WE doubt if on this mighty earth
There lives a man to-day,
Who never in his life has thought
That he could write a play.

A. What's a good thing for a picnic lunch?
B. A waterproof and an umbrella.

Young Sharpshins. I say, dad, what is it theatrical people call "make-up"?

Old Sharpshins. Why, their fairy tales about "persistent encores," "bringing down the house," "long runs" and "enormous salaries."

"ATTENDANCE is not charged on the bill, sir," said the waiter, insinuatingly, to the customer who was preparing to depart without bestowing a tip. "Humph!" was the reply, "it's the only bad thing that isn't!"

Rupper. You don't believe, then, in corporal punishment for children?

Jupper. Certainly not! Why, look at my children, I never laid a hand on them in my life; and yesterday, when I went to see my eldest boy—the one that's doing so well on the Exchange, you know—though he kicked me out of his house, he never hit me, as some sons would have done—and never even jumped on my hat.

"WHY is it, Maria Jane, that that there donkey has all the stuffing come out of its side saddle, and why is it that there t'other Jerusalem has a reg'lar 'alf circle curve in its bally spine?" "Well, yer see, luvver, the first one's kep' a purpus for yer bony, thin Salvation corporal's special riding, and the t'other for the twelve stun' bouncin' belles o' Brixton."

Inferior Man. But really, now, what is it you are aiming at? What do you want? Liberty, fraternity and equality, I suppose!

Superior Woman. Oh, dear, no! Liberty we can help ourselves to, fraternity with man we would not accept, and, as to equality, I fear we cannot expect your sex to rise to that for many generations to come.

"How, my darling, can I tell you
All my love devout?" he cried.
"I'd prefer it all on paper,
Please," the cautious maid replied.

Wagstaffe. I'm told you're engaged to Miss Morton, old chap. Let me congratu—

Barker. Stay, stay, it isn't true; I proposed, but she wouldn't have me.

Wagstaffe. Ah, well, then, let me congratulate you still more.

SOME people never have any ear for music. "Oh! there's dear Mr. Smithson playing on the concertina again," said Lucindy Anne Jones. It was nothing of the sort. He had only just swallowed his false teeth, and was roaring through the area railings for the chemist round the corner to come and lend him a hand with the job of heaving of them out.

Tom. You wouldn't think that sandwich-man was used to high life, would you?

Jack. How so? Is it possible?

Tom. Certainly. He lives in an attic on the sixth floor of a lodging-house. Twig?

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TOOTSIE AT HASTINGS.

WHAT did our great-grandmamas do ninety-four years ago at Hastings? How did they amuse themselves? The dear old-fashioned dresses they wore—the leg-of-mutton sleeves and high waists and tight skirts we can easily imagine. It was so much like what is worn to-day; only what is worn to-day is here and there so great an improvement on our dear great-grandmamas' ideas. The con-scuttle bonnet, it is true, has not yet been reproduced, but it might be with advantage with certain improvements, and well replace the painful pancake hat that suits so few even of the prettiest faces.



Taking it easy.

In ma's guide to the sea-bathing places for the first year of this century there is a description of what is now Old Hastings; but we are told that there was another older, which was swallowed up by the hungry sea. "As a proof," says the guide, "that the sea is constantly gaining on the coast, an entire hedge has been discovered under the surface of the sand at low water, a little to the westward of the town, and some of the present inhabitants remember grass growing below high water mark, near the Bathing Room."

But I was asking how did our great-grandmamas amuse themselves?

There was the castle, possibly a little less of a ruin than now, but not much—the castle that William Rufus visited by invitation, and which we may visit to-day for the small charge of threepence a head. There was the lovers' seat, too, on which our dear great-grandmamas and their young men scribbled their names in pencil, which, alas! rough weather and excursionists have long since obliterated.

Well, Hastings has altered a little since then. There is a brave show of hotels (we are at the Palace), and lots of nice lodgings, though the poor old Swan has long ago been pulled down. But, mind you, there is a lot of old Hastings still standing for those



On the Pier.

who love that sort of thing—red-tiled roofs, quaint gables, curious passages, and old world windows, pretty girls a century ago nodded out from passing sweethearts.

However, there is much more of up-to-date Hastings, which perhaps will best please you, girls and boys. Give me the pier, the esplanade, and, if it be cold and wet at night, the liberal supply of entertainments. And that brings me to the wonderful news I have to tell you. Do you remember my astonishment last week when I found that Lord Bob had chartered a special train from Victoria? "Why this wildness?" I inquired. Bob maintained an icy silence, but, as soon as we had started, produced from his pocket some printed labels which he affixed to the windows of the carriage. Thereon I read: "Engaged by Miss Tootsie Sloper's London Burlesque Company. *Naughty, Naughty!*" Scarcely had I recovered from my blank astonishment, when, with the monosyllabic observation of "script," he thrust into my hand a copy of my part in the burlesque, with the cues. I was down for the "Principal Boy," and Tottie and Lardi, to whom he also passed scripts, had leading characters. Lord Bob is to be the financier, the Dook Snook acting-manager, and the



The first dip.

in a Bath chair without once grumbling. And don't the mashers follow us on the pier! And when we took our first dip this year in the ocean, huge, rapturous mobs assembled. We're going to be a big room!

ECHOES OF SCIENCE.

THE original old gentleman who remarked, "Wonderful things steam, sir," would have a fit if he could only know of the *Patent Goose Green Rapid Transit Platform*, which a native of that suburb has just perfected. It consists of three continuous platforms running along the street side by side. The lowest of these platforms is four inches high, and moves at a speed of five feet per second. The traveller first steps on this, then on to a second one, four inches higher, and going at the rate of ten feet a second. Then on a third, fourth, fifth, etc., till he's rattling along at twenty miles an hour. What do you think of it?

Peckham, which adjoins Goose Green, comes out with another boon: the *Rye Lane Extractor*. It's a handy little contrivance for picking breath-scenting smell out of pickled onions before they are eaten.

Artificial catgut is being talked about, and will probably soon be invented. It is suggested by Herr Scrapeyousiliosski, the great violinist, who, in the midst of a charming solo at Covent Garden the other night, had every string of his fiddle go "ping!" and break, owing, it is supposed, to the fact that the cats, from which the strings were taken, died of inflammation of the bowels.

A new novel is entitled, "A Foolish Virgin." We are told that it's about the girl who didn't find out, till she'd tried it, that the stuff the Brighton chemist sold her for removing freckles took the skin along with them.

A celebrated Fleet Street scientist has discovered that one of the most dangerous and demoralising of all drinks is the beverage known as "Sameagainism."

Another recent discovery is at the—well, let's say the hand—of a small half-orphan boy. He says "Home without a mother" is a place where the walking stick of commerce takes the place of the leather slipper.

By the way, it's awfully interesting to note how many scientific discoveries are due to mere accident. For instance, a working man at Earl's Court made a great discovery last Saturday. He conceived the bright idea of going down the chute on his iron shovel. Mounting the implement, with his legs astride the handle, the descent began—also the discovery, for, as the speed increased, the shovel became warmed up by the friction, and he'd have given his week's wages to get off. But he had a through ticket that allowed no stoppages. At the end of the trip another workman carried him home on his back, and he is still taking his meals in a standing position.

A PARK PHILOSOPHER.

"WHAT a rum thing human nature is!" observed a small man in seedy clothes to the elderly gentleman who sat beside him on one of the free seats in the Regent's Park. "Don't ye think so?"

"I do," replied the other. "What started you thinking about it?"

"Oh, the fact that people are so precious sensitive—so thin-skinned."

"But are they?"

"Lor' bless you, yes. For instance—don't think I'm personal, but now, take your nose. All red noses are not produced by booze: common or garden indigestion'll do the same thing; but, as I said, take your nose. You're not to blame for it, of course; but you're so sensitive that, if I should offer to tell you of a remedy for it, you—"

"You insulting little snipe: you wretched ha'porth-of-soap-after-a-hard-day's-wash, I've a precious good mind to wring your filthy little neck—"

"There you go! there you go!" cried the little man, jumping up and getting out of harm's way. "What did I tell yer? Human nature's the rummiest thing I ever heard of, an' some people's so blessed sensitive that they'd rather swallow their front teeth than let anyone know they 'ad 'em!"

THE MONTH OF JULY.

(His neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill:
In March, December, and in July,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
—WORDSWORTH.)

Now's the time for seaside tripping,
Briny boating, briny dipping.
Shoreward let us journey duly
In the jovial month of July!

Let's at Margate, Ramsgate, Hastings,
Of osons have copious tastings.
Let's career on mules so muley
O'er the sands in month of July!

On the beach let Bob with Bessie,
Jack with Jinny, Jim with Jessie,
Sue with Sam, and Grace with Gull-
Elmus flirt, in month of July!

Let us mashers please our misses,
With embraces and with kisses,
Not infrequently or feebly,
Neath the cliffs, in jolly July!

May you all have charming drinking,
Glorious junkies, genial jinking,
Plenteous pleasures—as "yours truly"
Means to do—in month of July!

THE MODERN DANSEUSES.

Number One. I've got a muslin skirt twenty-four yards long, and the other night I flicked the spectacles off the limelight man right up in the flies.

Number Two. And I've ten bars playing all in a minor key while I stand on my head, and there's a pink electric light in each of my boot heels. Ga long!

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

NEVER oversleep yourself, eh?

Well, you're lucky, then.

Don't see where the luck comes in?

You'd better go to the Blind Man's Home, then, and get your eyes seen to, or—stay, SLOPER will prove it to you. Miles and miles away down the grand old Great Western there's a porter who is also the local postmaster. The other night, being a bit down on his luck, he had fried liver for supper, thinking it might cheer him up. The stupor that follows the consumption of fried liver has been compared by many eminent writers to put opium to the blush, and, to cut it short, the postman-porter overslept himself.

As the violent ringing of a bell just above his head roused him from his stupor, he realised the fact that it was 3.37 A.M. The mail train would dash through the station in seventy seconds! Springing from his humble couch, he grabbed his trousers in his right hand and the mail bag in his left and hurried downstairs to the platform. He was only half awake—the steaming engine—the bright lamps—dashed past—heard the guard yell "Now, then!"—saw the net lowered—flung his trousers in at the mail door—and, as the red lamps behind faded away into the grey morning, he rubbed his only half-opened eyes and tried to put his legs through the mail bag!

MURDER WILL OUT.

"AH!" said ALLY, sadly, as he gazed at one of our Egyptian heroes who had sliced up a score of Soudanese, "ah! you may call that man a hero, but he's got the brand of Cain on him all the same. I can see it on his face." McGowseley smiled sweetly. "And you've got the brand of Glenlivet whisky on you, and I can see it on your nose." And once more the immortal gamp was upraised, and ill-timed revelry wallowed in the Blue Pig awdust.

A RUSE THAT FAILED.

"I MAY come in for a moment?" pleaded her escort, on the threshold of the Rattletrapian nest.

Lucy Rattletrap was a charming young wife of the most approved *fin de siècle* type.

Virtuous as December snow, and co-quettish as pure sunshine, she, though really loving her husband, yet went her own road, while Charlie Rattletrap went his. Frequent tiffs and prolonged periods of coldness necessarily ensued; and for the last fortnight they had not spoken. To-night, at a third-rate ball, she had been introduced to that gay Lothario, Montgomery Jones—had flirted outrageously with him—had accepted his escort home, and—hence at 2 a.m. the situation!



"I may come in?"

A spasm of reckless daring invaded Lucy. Charley, she thought, will not be home before five; the maids are in bed; and this fellow is an ass. But the piquancy of the situation! It is irresistible! Then, aloud, "Yes, you may come in and smoke a cigarette. For five minutes only, mind! I couldn't think of you staying a second longer!"

In the pretty drawing-room, she had barely discarded her wraps, and Montgomery scarcely selected a cigarette, when the sounds of footsteps broke the outer stillness, followed by a halt, and the unmistakable "click" of a latch-key applied to the front door.

"Great heavens!" cried Lucy, starting wildly up, in the most unfeigned dismay; "it is my husband! I am ruined!—lost! Quick! in here!" and she thrust the shivering Montgomery into a communicating room and closed the door. Then, throwing herself upon a lounge, she endeavoured to assume an attitude and expression of cold indifference.

Smiling and muscular, Charley Rattletrap entered. After a momentary pause he walked straight up to his wife.

"Come, Luce," he said, coaxingly, "let's kiss and be friends again. We haven't spoken for I don't know how long!"

How handsome he looked, and how she yearned to kiss him. But that horrid monster in the dining-room! He must be discovered. Charley always makes a point of going through every room before turning into bed. And then, like a flash, there crossed her mind the recollection of a play she had lately witnessed, and—her desperate plan was formed.

"You don't mean it," she answered, with affected coolness. "You're screwed!" "Screwed! Why, I'm as sober as a judge!"

"Well, if you really are sober, you might get me a glass of sherry; I feel a little faint. You know exactly where the decanter stands on the sideboard in the next room; but to prove your sobriety you must allow me to blindfold you, and you must perform your task without stumbling or knocking anything down."

"Willingly!" was the laughing response. "I shall emerge scatheless from the fray. Here's my handkerchief—will you please adjust it."

With trembling fingers she bound it firmly across his eyes. The monster in the dining-room must surely hear, and have sense enough to slip unheard past her sightless husband and let himself out. Then all will be well.

The blindfolded one starts on his journey—she follows. He opens the dining-room door, and behold! just as the scared-looking Jones is in the act of gliding out, Charley tears the bandage from his eyes, and, gripping the intruder by the shoulders, drags him into the full glare of the light.

Then with a smiling face he turned towards his terror-stricken wife.

"A neat little ruse, Lucy, suggested, of course, by that charming scene we witnessed some time ago at the theatre. These kind of situations pass out all right on the stage, but for every-day life they're a bit too thin. Luckily for you I was passing when you left the ball, following close behind, merely waiting till you were fairly inside before I entered. Otherwise, and had I encountered this gentleman unexpectedly, it might have been a case of sing hey! for the Divorce Court, and a modest alimony. As it is, when I have kicked this Mr.—Mr. Jones! thank you—across the doorstep, I shall talk to you very seriously."



"A neat little ruse, Lucy."



"By Jove! I thought a day in the country would brace me up, but I have come over queer." "I'll bet it's the new fish nature I've put down. Better come and see the pigs."

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 346.—MISS FLORRIE HUDSON.

"That I may win her is my fondest dream." —*The Duck Snook.*
 "Such perfect loveliness is rare indeed." —*Lord Bob.*
 "I am but one among her myriad slaves." —*The Hon. Billy.*



TWO LOVELY ONES.
 "It was noticed that the bride was wearing the two magnificent rings which the bridegroom had given her."
 (One round each eye—see 'em!)



Roy. What is a broker's man?
 Mother. A man sent into your house to see that none of your furniture is removed.
 Roy. Are you going to have one in to take care of our house and furniture when we go to the seaside, then?



"Yes, Henley would have been all right but for those dreadful boat races. The men actually deserted us to view them!" —*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—J. M. GLOVER, Esq.



"DEAR GLOVER.—Once again I am by the sea. Find time to run down for the day on Sunday, and be interviewed. Yours till death,—A. SLOPER." Thus it was Mr. J. M. Glover found himself, through rashly, in a weak moment, accepting the invitation, strolling on the sands last Sunday morning in the company of the Mother-in-Law. "Well, Glover, dear boy," said that same Fabric, "I'm doosed glad you've come, and, in the words of young Hamlet, 'Will teach you to drink deep ere you return.' In the meantime, let us find a soft rock on which we can sit, and I will extract from you particulars of your triumphs as a conductor and a composer at the Palace, the Lane, and the Garden; and thus shall you be immortal red in the pages of the renowned paper that bears my honoured name. When whirling in the mazy at the last fancy-dress ball at the latter place to the strains of your admirable band, I seemed to go back to the time when Julien occupied your chair and I polked and galloped it nimbly with the first Mrs. Sloper. She was a slight and airy thing; the present Mrs. S. you are no doubt aware, is not built for dancing. Oh! by-the-by, I have arranged with her to come on to us with the children after they come out of church." (Mr. Glover groaned.) "Bless their little hearts! they will bury you in the sand in no time, and you shall persuade their mamma to take their Sunday best shoes and stockings off, and you shall join them in a paddle." (Mr. Glover winced.)

"You won't mind being splashed a bit—sea water will never give one cold. The darlings are a bit wild when they first come down to the briny; and if you do get a pint or two of sand down your neck, what matters it? Clean dirt, you know. Ha, ha!" (Mr. Glover shuddered.) "Well, then we'll go back to dinner, and after our repast you shall play the piano while the Twins do their skirt dance. The instrument at our lodgings isn't, perhaps, quite what you are accustomed to—has somewhat of the Janjo tone; a wire here and there, too, is missing." (Mr. Glover groaned.) "But come, let us be seated on your tender—the interview, the interview! But, first, what do you say to a little refreshment?" Mr. Glover observed that he saw no sign of a house of refreshment on the cliffs, and that sea-water was not to his taste. A. SLOPER smiled and produced the historical bottle, extracted the cork with his teeth, wiped the mouth of the bottle on his sleeve, and handed it to his friend, who somewhat testily explained that he didn't care for raw gin at that time of the day. A. SLOPER said that that was a pity—he should try and acquire the taste, and promptly finished the bottle, and then fell into a baby-like sleep and dreamt that he saw Mr. Glover as a kind of Ariel in evening dress conjuring up with his magic baton elves ready to foot it fatly on the yellow sands. When the Eminent awoke he found himself alone; his friend Glover had disappeared.

THE ELDER RECEIVES A SHOCK.



(1) The Elder, who is an old reader of *London Toppings*, reads therein: "The rampant, killed, whisky-drinking McNab is not a Scotchman at all."

(2) "What am I?" shrieked the Elder. "Am I a Kangaroo, or a Wanderoo or a pair demented Tuttle Bogie?"

(3) And the Elder, upon the mountain top and in tears, cried: "Infected! stalks upon the earth like a spectre and the Kirk cannot stand against it!"



O, THE FAMOUS DUKE OF YORK
HAS CROWN FIVE INCHES SINCE
THAT FRABJOUSS DAY WHEN MAY HIM MADE
PROUD PARENT OF A PRINCE.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Phew! Hot, eh? Yes, just a little bit. The summer has come at last, although, probably, before another week has elapsed we shall be plunged into the depths of winter again. No matter, we must grin, if possible, and bear it like only Englishmen can. On we go:—For amateurs to make their mark, Three days of racing, what a task:—The Anarchists, without doubt, will Of punishment soon have their fill:—Salvationists are on the spree, At garden parties, as we see:—The Heir

Presumptive to the throne Has now a babelet of his own:—The tailor gay cannot refrain From treating pictures with disdain:—Lord Randolph Churchill, on the sea, Will not forget his farewell spree:—The famous Agricultural Show, Is now at Cambridge, quite the go.—Bravo, George! Who would not be a father, and of such a bonny boy, too! You quite make me feel jealous. Congratulations!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

UP TO SNUFF.



A MARGATE MERMAIDEN.

Sketched at Margate by our On the Spot Artist, who suffers from the jim-jams very badly at times.



IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

"Hullo, Jim! you're looking younger." "Feel so, Bob. The old woman's been packed off for a holiday ever since ten o'clock this morning."

"William, this is wretched coffee!" "We are out of coffee downstairs, your Ladyship, so I took some out of the caddy in the library." "Good gracious! why, that's his Lordship's snuff!"



"Say, Uncle Sam, what's the difference between an auction and the reason you look so pale this morning? Give it up, eh? Because one's a Sale of effects and the other's the Effects of a sale, of course." "Yar!—go an' wash yo' face!"



Texas Joe. Guess here's an opportunity for a little practice with the lasso.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

A. SLOPER, grand old athlete that he is, loves the water as a means of recreation with an intensity which is only equalled by his detestation of it as a beverage.



would rob it of one of its chief attractive features. Henley without SLOPER—no, no, we cannot imagine it!

THE two funniest plays at present in London are undoubtedly *Charley's Aunt* at the Globe and *The New Boy* at the Vaudeville. If you are in doubt as to which of the two to patronize, toss up a penny. Whichever side upwards the coin falls, the result is bound to be satisfactory to you. In other words, whichever theatre you attend you are bound to be entertained.

SURREY cricketers will be delighted at the success attained by their champions this year. The tremendous licking they administered to last year's champions was quite as unexpected as it was unappreciated by Yorkshiremen generally. The Surrey team seem pretty certain to obtain the laurel wreath of cricket this season.

THE spell of fine weather has brightened up things sensibly very considerably. The landlady has dried her tears and the tradesman emerged from his despair. The holiday season has at last begun in real earnest. The bands have arrived, so have the niggers, the conjurers, the mysterious minstrels, the acrobats, and all the other wandering entertainers. Mild flirtation upon pier, beach and promenade are being commenced by the seaside girl and the seaside masher; and altogether, in point of fact, the season has made a fairly successful start.

THE Mildewed Monument has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon Dr. BARNARDO, because he's a good philanthropist. "Feyther," chortled the Azure-Eyed, "you've dropped on a real deservin' case this shot, and no error. It's thousands o' good, prosperous fellows now as must bless the name of the man who rescued 'em from their boy'ood misery." And the Aged wiped away the gathering tear at this ebullition of sentiment, and patted his offspring approvingly upon the cranium.

AT the courteous invitation of the Chairman and Directors of the General Steam Navigation Co., a large party, including the Mildewed Wreck, took part in the procession of craft, upon the occasion of the opening of the Tower Bridge by the Prince of Wales. A. SLOPER, who has been rather hurt all along that he was not asked to perform this important ceremony, was inclined to sulk at first; but beneath the genial influence of good company, his beneficent disposition soon asserted itself, and before he had been on the steamer half an hour he was listening with delight to an elaborate account of the arrangements made by this excellent company for the safe, convenient and rapid conveyance of this summer's holiday-makers.

A. SLOPER heartily congratulates the Duke and Duchess of York upon the birth of their son and heir. Mrs. S., good soul, has forwarded to White Lodge a few simple recipes for the relief of infantile ailments which have been tried on Jubilee and the Twins with infallible success.

SARAH BERNHARDT is with us again, and serious playgoers have another opportunity of studying the artistic methods of this wonderful actress, who must almost unquestionably be admitted to hold the highest rank among the feminine exponents of the Drama.



why the delay? Wake up, ye genial trottilists. Don't be backward in coming forward

his detestation of it as a beverage. Rowing he regards as one of the finest and healthiest pastimes which can be indulged in; and though his own oarsmanship may, perhaps, lack that grace and finish which distinguish the best votaries of the art, the Aged more than atones for any little deficiency by his overpowering enthusiasm, and this, after all, is the great thing. It is not surprising, therefore, that at the great annual aquatic fête at Henley A. SLOPER should be all there. Indeed, his absence from the festival

DURING the absence of A. SLOPER from town, Iky Moses has kindly consented to relieve him of one job at least, viz., his weekly visit to a London music-hall. The question, though, will metropolitan music-hall managers appreciate this change as much as Iky seems to think? We should say certainly not, as the latter gentleman has already been kicked by Edward Swanborough out of the London Pavilion. I. Moses, though, during the short time he was in the hall, was pretty busy—as his bulgy pockets denoted—and Pavilion glassware and cutlery must have suffered considerably. We understand, though, that the genial Edward is running through a very powerful programme, and that the present heat has, at present, had no detrimental effect upon the receipts.

PEOPLE are beginning to dig their early potatoes. The number of relics in the shape of murphies more or less suggesting the classical features of the F.O.M., is daily on the increase here; and if only people didn't invoke the aid of art to increase the resemblance, by colouring up the praties and sticking pins and things into them, Mrs. S. would have no occasion to trouble the greengrocer for goodness knows how long.

THERE is absolutely no foundation for the statement that the Editor of *Larks!* has resigned, owing to the strain upon his energies, consequent upon the largely increasing circulation. The latter satisfactory circumstance, as a matter of fact, does but stimulate the talented chief to further exertions; and he is firmly resolved that death alone shall sever his connection with this marvellous hap'orth.

THE EMINENT girded up his loins and sallied forth to Sydenham recently, notwithstanding energetic protests from Mrs. S., who "can't bear to hear about choristers." The occasion was the opening day of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and it was meet that the "Ever Festive One" should grace it with his presence. After a cordial greeting from the "Grand Old Manna" (No *Handel* to his name yet! This ought to be seen to), he proceeded, by the help of an occasional furtive pull at the "Unsweetened," to enjoy the musical treat provided. The now historical umbrella came in very handy to emphasize the applause which greeted his old friend, Charles Santley, upon whom he would fain have conferred the "Award of Merit" on the spot, until reminded by the boy Alexandry that the eminent vocalist was already an F.O.S. "There's something in the boy after all," the Eminent murmured, as he wended his way homeward.

"EVERY dog will have his day," saith the old saw, and doggie is going to have a bally good innings for the next few weeks. Not

that man's faithful friend exactly appreciates the attention bestowed upon him during that period; especially when it takes the shape of a muzzle, an outpouring of abuse, or a vigorous kick from a strong healthy boot. A. SLOPER is a friend of the canine species as well as a Friend of Man, and is fully determined to keep Snatcher under a glass case during the dog days.

MR. CORNEY GRAIN's delightful sketch, *Bond Street at 4 p.m.*, is a welcome and reasonable production. Society is in town now, and there is nothing it loves more than to laugh at itself, under the pleasing delusion that it is listening to a cutting satire upon that odious Mrs. B., or that highly objectionable Lady S. Mr. Corney Grain gives it the opportunity of indulging its merriment to an unlimited extent, and his songs and satire are the smartest of the smart. St. George's Hall is drawing big houses just now, and we don't wonder at it.

THE assassination of the President of the French Republic is a crime that has filled the civilised world with horror, while France itself stands paralysed and aghast at the deed. Widely liked and respected, M. Carnot controlled the destinies of his country with a firm and equitable judgment which won for him universal admiration, and our hearts go out in sincere sympathy with the bereaved wife and sorrowing nation.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS should not fail to secure a copy of the Great Eastern Railway Company's new "Tourist's Guide to the Continent," containing, among a host of interesting and valuable information, chapters on a New Dutch Tour, Cycling Routes, and the Franco-German Battle-Fields. It is published from 30 Fleet Street, price sixpence.

THE Ancient Wreck has sheered off at last, that is to say, as far as London is concerned, and is now far away from the maddeningly crowded streets of the metropolis.

His first experiences of the sea, though, up to the present, have not been very happy ones, as he has been kicked into it on no less than six occasions by creditors and other mean-minded individuals. No matter, it is the Eminent's lot in life to receive more kicks than 'a pence, so he strongly advises his readers to pack up and cut away to the seaside while the fine weather lasts.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 14TH JULY, 1904.

8th July, 1827.—Under this date Hone says that at the commencement of the month of July of the previous year a number of hedgehogs were seen wandering along the most public streets of Oldham, in Lancashire, during the day time. It was presumed that as the brooks, from which these animals were wont to be supplied with drink, had been dried up from the long continued drought, they were obliged to throw themselves upon the mercy of their "good neighbours in the town."

9th July, 1836.—Baikes, under this date, speaking of the recent death of Charles Mathews, the elder, says: "He is gone with his gibes and his jokes." He was a worthy man, an entertaining companion, and an excellent mimic. Mathews's height was five feet, ten inches, but his slimness made him pass for a giant. Tate Wilkinson, when Mathews was a young beginner, pronounced him too tall for low comedy, and added that he had never seen anybody so thin to be alive.

10th July, 1212.—London Bridge was burnt this day, "when three thousand persons, inhabiting that little borough, perished in the flames."

11th July, 1833.—On this day James Burke, the "Deaf 'un," was tried at Hertford Assizes for the manslaughter of Simon Byrne, at Noman's Land, St. Albans, in a fight which lasted three hours. The surgeon, who attended Byrne up to the time of his death said the exertion the deceased underwent would have been sufficient of itself to cause death. A verdict of not guilty was pronounced.

12th July, 1804.—This day died Henry Lee Warner, Esq., of Walsingham Abbey, in Norfolk, an eccentric old gentleman, a landed proprietor, and very wealthy. He was eighty-two years of age. His time of rising was always late in the evening, and he generally breakfasted at midnight, and dined at four or five in the morning.

13th July, 1527.—Dr. Dee, the celebrated alchemist and astronomer, was born this day. The black stone, or *speculum*, upon which he used to call his spirits, was successively in the collections of the Earls of Peterborough, Lady Eliz-Germaine, the Duke of Argyle, and Horace Walpole. Upon examination it turns out to be nothing but a piece of polished cannel coal. At a sale of antiquities at Messrs. Sotheby's this "precious" relic was purchased for the sum of fourteen pounds by Lord Londesborough.

14th July, 1789.—The Bastille was this day destroyed. Carlyle thus describes the murder of De Launay, the Governor, by the mob: "Discovered in grey frock, with poppy-coloured riband, is for killing himself with the sword of his cane. He shall to the Hôtel de Ville; Hulin Maillard and others escorting him. Through roarings and cursings: through hustlings, clutchings, and at last through strokes. Miserable De Launay! He shall never enter the Hôtel de Ville: only his bloody hair queue held up in a bloody hand; that shall enter for a sign. The bleeding trunk lies on the steps there; the head is off through the streets, ghastly aloft on a pike. Rigorous De Launay has died, crying, 'O, friends, kill me fast!'"

SLOPER VERSUS BARLEYCORN.

ALLY SLOPER he said, with a toss of his head,

As he sat by John Barleycorn's side:
"You are proud of the way you can conquer and sway
Human beings o'er all the world wide.
For you muddle the brains and enkindle the veins
Of the people who seek your embrace,
Till at last they are hurled from the praise of the world
Into depths of undying disgrace.
But there's one who is proof against Barleycorn's tricks.
Though a myriad of drinks in my innards I mix,
Not a vestige of harm will they do me, I think—
I can lower the drink—I can lower the drink!"

Then John Barleycorn rose with a thumb on his nose.
"Though you've got such a mouthful to say
On the lowering game, it may chance at that same
We can both of us easily play."
So he filled the good Wreck with good ale to the neck,
Till the Strictly Veracious one lied,
Till the Honest stole purses, the Pious said curses,
The Gentle One wallopped his bride.
And at length, when the Fossil's disgrace was complete,
Johnnie Barleycorn said to him, "Here in the street
You are lying blind-drunk, with my foot on your neck:
I can lower the Wreck—I can lower the Wreck!"

A TASK OF TERROR.

READERS have you ever tried to drive fowls? If not, and you value your peace of mind, and would abstain from language of the most awful and blighting description, take our tip and don't attempt it. Driving tandem or four-in-hand's a fool to it. The two former can be acquired by a moderately skilful man with a fair amount of practice, but as to trying to get a fowl to go in any given direction, well, it's a matter of absolute impossibility—and that's the fact of the matter.

Take a common example for instance. You are seated comfortably over your matutinal repast, with just sufficient time to eat in comfort, glance over the morning's paper, and stroll easily down to the station to catch your train, you stir your coffee with a calm, contented mien, and feel at peace with the world.

Suddenly the maid bursts into the room with the intelligence that Mr. Smith's fowls next door are in the garden, and rushing hastily out you discover half a dozen hens laying waste the carefully kept flower beds, and clucking with fiendish delight over the devastation.

You make a rush at them and they flee from your wrath, dividing themselves with masterly tact. You select one victim and chase him desperately. He escapes you every time. Just as you think you have penned him in he performs an intricate manoeuvre by darting out sideways, and then bolts past you at a speed of eighty miles an hour.

You make an effort to cut off his retreat, but you are invariably unsuccessful, and he joins his comrades, who have been gazing upon your discomfiture with delight and scratching the choice young seedlings the while. You try another. He serves you just the same. Precisely at the moment you think you've got him, he dashes past you to freedom. You try kindness and bread crumbs. The confounded things are not amenable to the former, though they eat the latter, but as to being kidded into going the other side of the fence after 'em—not they.

Hot, tired and angry, you look at your watch and discover you've only just time to catch your train by going without breakfast. You give up the chase and make a dash for it, and have the satisfaction of seeing it glide out just as you reach the wicket, leaving you to mop the moisture from your brow, and think out the strongest passages in a letter you intend to write to old Smith, concerning your intentions with regard to his hens, if he doesn't keep 'em locked up, and containing broad allusions to wholesale slaughter with a shot-gun.

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

59 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON. E.C.

WOMAN-WHEELER-WOE!

(At a recent mass meeting of Lady Cyclists it was resolved "to adopt Rational dress, and defy Mrs. Grundy.")



"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
Some girls asked, in great dismay,
When they met the other day
Cycling knowledge to display;
For some damsel—not a "Jay"—
Suggested "Rational" array;
Then some startled dears cried, "Pray,
What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
Answered many a cycling fay.
"Why, should we her laws obey?
Do we lose each modest trait,
Just because we dash away

Cycling on in manner gay
In nice 'Rational' array?
A fig for what that dame may say!"

FREDDY'S MISTAKE.

"THE daintiest, the neatest, prettiest, sweetest, most delightful little thing I've ever seen, hang me if she isn't!"
This was exactly, word for word, what Freddy Whitecross told himself as he sat sucking his cane in the stalls at the Jossity Palace of Varieties, and gazing with open-eyed admiration at the performance of the Lively Spark.

She certainly looked a tasteful little darling, with her long flaxen hair, her blue eyes and pouting red lips; and as she tripped lightly beneath the limelight to strains of the band, and smiled—oh, ever so sweetly!—Freddy's heart went out to her in one big bound; he felt, he knew, that he had met his fate.

And then she sang—ah, and with such a voice! so sweet, so powerful withal; but loudest above the plaudits that greeted her efforts, were Freddy's frantic hand claps and enthusiastic bravos. She bowed her thanks from the wings, and as her bright eyes caught his she gave him such a smile, sending the blood tingling through his veins in a delirium of delight.

Freddy was in the same seat the next night, nursing a huge bouquet, which he hung at his darling's feet as she concluded her dance. She hesitated a moment, a curious look came over her face as she picked up the floral tribute. Freddy went round a note to the stage door. Would she meet him after the show and eat a bit of supper at his?

She wrote declining. She made it a rule never to go anywhere without an escort, she said. Good girl, thought Freddy.

He became more infatuated than ever. Night after night he sat and gazed upon her as she did her "turn." Night after night the costliest flowers were sent down to the theatre for her. Hour after hour he hung about the stage door in the hope of catching just a brief glimpse of his love. In vain. He never saw her enter; he never beheld her leave. His notes got more passionate.

He took to enclosing presents—diamond rings, bracelets, sables and seal skins. She kept them all. She thanked him delightfully always. "Yours, the Lively Spark" she signed herself, but to his wild protestations of affection she had only one answer: she could never learn to love him.

One night she did not appear as usual. Freddy hastily consulted a programme. Her name was gone. He hurried round to the stage door. "Where—where is Miss—where is the Lively Spark?" he faltered. "Gone, sir," replied the door-keeper. "Engagement terminated last week; sailed for America to-day, I believe, sir."

"Sailed—for—America!" repeated Freddy, as he staggered against the wall. "How could she leave me without a word?" "She, sir?" said the doorkeeper.

"Yes, she; the Lively Spark, I mean—Miss What-was-her-name." The man looked at him in amazement.

"Twon't Miss nothing that I'm aware on," he replied. "Why, rely you know, sir, that the Lively Spark was only little Jimmy Jedge, the famous female impersonator?"

Then they removed Freddy to Earlwood.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

BELLA MAY MAGRUDER.

Beware of Belle May,
With her manner so gay,
And her smile that is artless
And ceaseless:
Keep away from Belle May,
Or, ere long, like a jay,
You will part from her pence-
less and peaceless.

Beware of Belle May,
With her Siren-like way
Of attracting, absorbing, allur-
ing:
Keep away from Belle May,
Or you'll soon be a prey
To grey grief, and deep dolour
enduring.

Beware of Belle May,
Who in frolicsome play
Nestles up to one's side like a
kitten:
Keep away from Belle May,
Lest her claws you survey,
And by venomous molars be
bitten.

OH! AH!

Poor girl! that sweet pale face, indeed, tells a fate of unhappy romance—a blighted hope, a heart broken by a false promise. The age of poetry is past.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

NEW SCOTLAND YARD, S.W., June 26th, 1891.
DEAR SIR,—Please accept my sincere thanks for your "Award of Merit," which I was much pleased to receive. I am very proud of this distinction, and have given it a prominent place in my museum. I beg to remain, sir, your obedient servant,
W. MELVILLE, Chief Inspector.

THE ELMS, ACTON HILL, W., June 28th, 1891.
CAPTAIN RONALD SCOTT presents his compliments to ALLY SLOPER, Esq., and begs to tender "The Eminent" very many thanks for his "Award of Merit," which came safely to hand this day.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 255.—HE HAS DUNMOW OUTDONE-NOWED.

The Wreck for many a year has tried
To bone the Dunmow bacon,
But all the pains of self and bride
Have all in vain been taken.
For, alas! the life of self and wife
Has still been one of woe and strife.

So SLOPER swore in Ninety-four
To start an institution
Which should put to shame old Dunmow's fame:
And to make free distribution
Of annual junks of bacon, which
Should each be called "The Sloperies Fitch."

But, while the Dunmow Fitch is given
To folks who (from resentment
And wrath and rancour free) have lived
In peace and sweet contentment,
The Fossil's Fitch, *per contra*, goes
To people different far from those.

"Each couple half a crown must pay
To join my competition,
And the pair will bear the fitch away
Who first make frank admission,
Then prove, that they have led the roughest life
(Throughout the year) of nuptial storm and strife."

Thus SLOPER's cute prospectus ran:
And soon "The Sloperies Fitch"
Will cause the poor old Friend of Man
To grow exceedingly rich.
For, when the annual entry fees he's taken,
Himself and wife will win the blooming bacon!

CUPID IN CHAINS.

LOVE—spelt with a capital L—is popularly supposed to be the same thing all the world over. But, bless you, it ain't! If you can't take A. SLOPER's word for this you should go up to the chain-making district at Cradley Heath and see the way it's managed there. Y'see, up there, women have the franchise, as it were. Having the franchise means owning the privilege to do most of the work, whilst the opposite sex naturally has to stop at home and mind the coming citizens. This turns the love-making upside down as a rule, and you'd be surprised how shame-faced and bashful some of the young men are.

For instance, Bill Shadokitt had been hanging about after Lizzie Griskinner for best part of a year, yet whenever she looked him square in the eye, as if to divine his inmost thoughts, he only flushed up as red as a Salvation jersey, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Well, Lizzie soon got tired of that. She was getting a big girl—had thoughts of getting married—and naturally wanted somebody to stay at home and do the washing and the cooking and things. So, one night as she walked home along the cinder-strewn lane, becoming aware by the pattering of feet behind her, that the faithful Bill was not far off, she suddenly swung round and caught him by the ear. Leading him gently, but firmly, to a handy milestone, she motioned to him to sit down, and thus addressed him:

"Now, Bill, take that there bit o' wool out o' yer best ear an' listen to me. You've been hangin' an' dangle about at my aprin-strings for best part of a bloomin' year and have never yet shot off yer mouth about what yer intentions are. I've been cottonin' to yer—don't you make no error!—an' I've stuck to yer stronger an' truer than even the fly-paper did to the minister's trowies when he sat down on it accidentally. I've snubbed every other galoot that has tried to chip in an' be pleasant, an' now I want yer to come to the bloomin' point—orget out o' the neighbourhood, with me follerin' yer for the first two or three miles with a bit o' chain-harrow in me fist to keep yer goin'. If you're on the marry, an' wants a partner that'll stick to yer right up to the time as yer kicks the bucket—aye, an' I'll give yer a reg'lar swell send-off too, with a granite headstone—just squal, and I'll send notice to the parson; but if that ain't yer game, just git straight home, say good-bye to yer mother an' father, an' put yer runnin' shoes on. Now, jest sing yer little song, or get ready to skip: which is it goin' to be?"

Then Bill sang; and now he's the happiest husband that ever scrubbed a floor or got up tired from his bed to rush out for his wife's supper-beer.

EMPHASIZE IT!

A FIEND, arrayed as an ethereal sprite,
Temptation marshals her voluptuous forces;
And one, whose speech is silvery, soft and light,
Would have thee join him on his downward courses.
But, when the sinner suavely bids thee go
(His wisdom and experience that advise it),
Not only stand prepared to answer "No!"
But also stand resolved to emphasize it!

A host of passions, rooted in the soul,
Incite thee from the path of Christian duty;
The hazard-thirst, the hankering for the bowl,
The lust of gold, the love of woman's beauty—
With these, and more, whose madness most men know,
Temptation tries thy soul. But, when she tries it,
Not only stand prepared to answer "No!"
But also stand resolved to emphasize it!

If fiend Temptation, as a sprite arrayed,
Would take the answer of the foremost giving,
How many a creature, in the poor-house laid,
Had now in tranquil slumber been lying.
But fiend Temptation will not lightly go,
So, when she tries thy soul, and better tries it,
Not only stand prepared to answer "No!"
But also stand resolved to emphasize it.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A LAW that Husbands don't Care about Keeping: The Mother-in-law.
"No Great Shakes:" Shaking three dice, and turning up one spot on each.

"THIS is one of my Short-comings," as SLOPER said when he dropped into the wine-bar at 333 Strand.

"MUCH Ado About Nothing": The frantic efforts you make to teach your child that three times nothing don't make one.

SLOPER doesn't resemble the last Savoy success. The latter is Utopia, Limited; the former we may call, "You toper, Unlimited!"

THE LION QUEEN.

A Tragedy.

CHAPTER III.

HAMISH McNAB did not sleep with the snakes. On closer acquaintance with the reptiles his prejudices assumed even more forcible expression. There was a creepiness about their proceedings which filled Hamish with dissatisfaction. He, however, agreed readily to feed the other animals, and ere the close of their stay in the second town they had visited, Hamish had developed a usefulness which induced the proprietor to increase his salary by 50 per cent.

Hamish had disclosed the fact that he was a bagpipe performer. The proprietor of the show recognised that this was a decided novelty, and proposed that Hamish should join the brass band of the show, and add the tones of his instrument to the other orchestral effects. It was tried, but it was not a success. The people hooted when the strains of the bagpipes mingled with those of the trombone and the clarinet.

The player of the French horn, too, who had had his teeth injured by the force with which a dead cat had hit his instrument while the discord was at its greatest, threatened to strike if Hamish continued a member of the band, and, in deference to popular disapproval, the bagpipes were withdrawn. But the proprietress of the show—a stout and portly dame, who ruled her lion-taming better half with a rod of iron—saw possibilities in the instrument.

If Hamish could not play with the band, he could be utilised otherwise. An empty van was part of the show. The proprietress was well aware that the public love a mystery. The empty van was carefully boarded up, and only two or three little air-holes left open. Huge bills were posted on the sides of the vehicle intimating that the only Poliodropsicon in Britain was inside, but that the animal was suffering from sickness, and therefore could not be seen.

Inside the van Hamish was seated, with instructions to extract

wild and blood-curdling squeals and squawks from his instrument, at times dropping into low growls and grunts, and at others rising into yells. The effect on the public made the show a huge success.

Crowds flocked into the tent, determined if they could not see the Poliodropsicon, that they would at least see the front of

the van which contained it, and the audience stared and gazed at the boarded-up vehicle, content to conjure up in their imaginations the fearful appearances of the animal inside from the variety and extent of its grunts and groans.

Nor were the mysterious sounds without an effect on the wild animals in the exhibition. These animals had for a long time displayed great lethargy and consummate indifference to the gaze of the public. Most of the dreaded carnivora had come to the conclusion that it was against all hope that they could get out of their cages in order to enjoy a mouthful of spectator, and had therefore determinedly set themselves to ignore the temptations which were without their reach. Lazily they lolled in their cages with sleepy eyes, and only showed their emotion when a nice, succulent school-boy passed by snuffing the sawdust more vigorously. It had been only once a day they showed any anxiety—that was at dinner-time. Then they would for a few minutes raise their voices in protest at the delay, and would growl if they thought their fragment of beef was too small, or had more than a fair allowance of bone. But with the development of the Poliodropsicon all was changed. When the mysterious occupant of the van uttered its first overture, the other animals were too much astonished to do anything; but ere five minutes had passed they had found their voices, and an organised but futile attempt was made by the whole menagerie to drown down the fearful sounds caused by Hamish McNab.

The effect generally was most complete. The lions, the tigers, the elephant and the hyenas all joined in with a fine spirit of emulation. The row inside was heard all over the precincts of every town visited, and made a splendid advertisement. Besides, it completely drowned the music of the band, and that was deemed a blessing by those who had a cultured ear for music.

(To be continued next week.)



A creepiness about their proceedings.



A dead cat had hit his instrument.



Inside the van Hamish was seated.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 367.—MR. GEORGE ROBERY, F.O.S.

"Born of rich but honest parents, our hero was originally intended for the Church; indeed, his uncle, the Bishop of G—, kindly consented to defray his nephew's expenses at Cambridge, upon the understanding that he made good use of his time there. Unfortunately, uncle and nephew's opinion on this subject differed widely, for, whereas his lordship considered that reading hard was the proper way of occupying every available minute not devoted to sleeping and eating, George laboured under the impression that paddling a Canadian canoe on the 'backs,' or taking the chair at impromptu smoking concerts at this or that man's rooms was a far better method of passing the day. George, too, had heard many sermons, and came to the conclusion that he could never hope to preach as well. He went to music-halls, however, and decided he could do a lot better than the majority of the performers. To the rage of his relatives he announced his intention of taking to the boards; and now, instead of being a curate, dragging out an existence on ninety pounds a year, he is a highly successful comic singer, paying income tax on thousands. Chiefly because he's an eminent comic he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him April 28th, 1894."—*Debut Improved.*



"Well, it's no good trying to bathe here, Brown, we shall have larks played with us; this must be a notice to bathers."



Miss Price. My part's ten pounds a week and a lovely frock.
Miss Prettytoots. My part's only five, but then I've no encumbrance in the latter way.

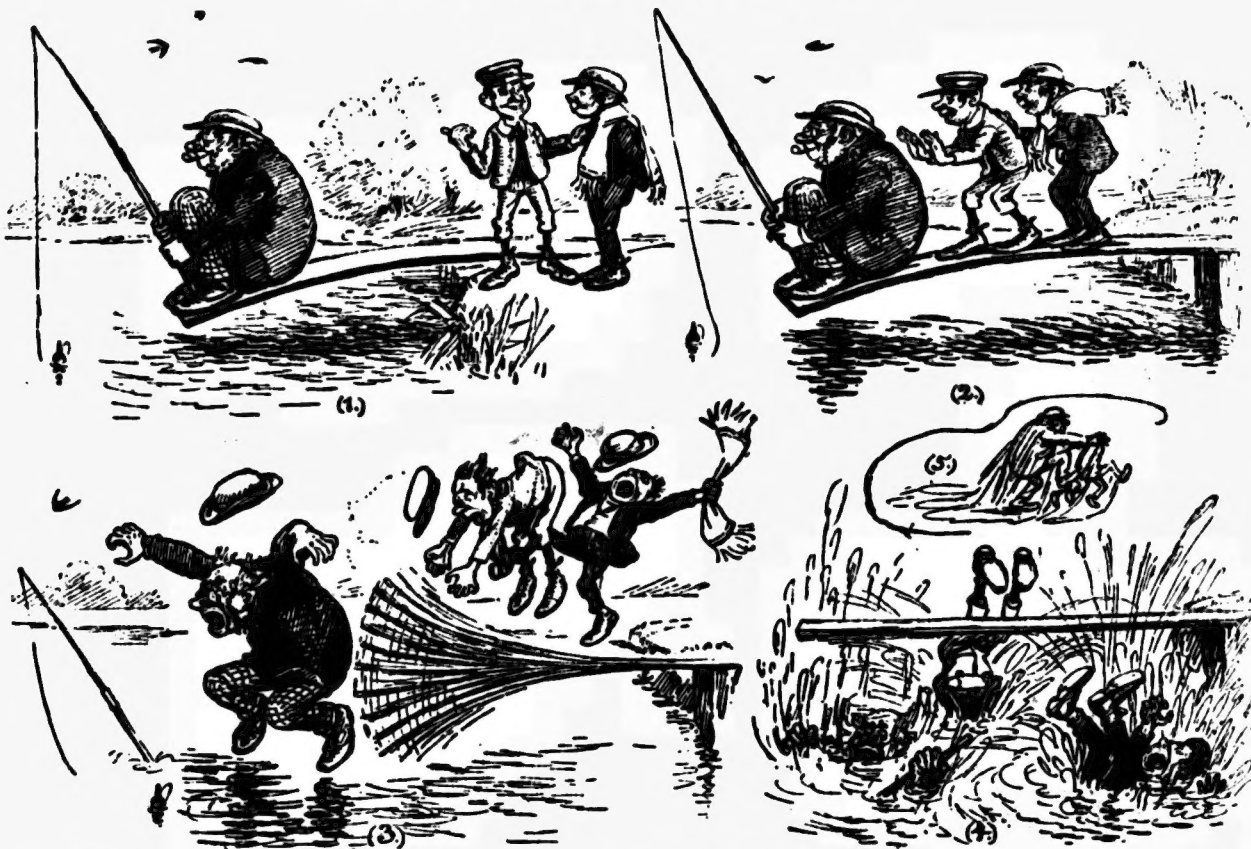


WHAT BADINAGE.
"When is it high tide to-day, my good man?" "When you gits in about up to your neck I should think, governor?"



Mild Punter. I say, Alice, if you fell from that tower what would you fall against?
Alice. The ground, I suppose.
Mild Punter. Wrong. Against your will, of course.

A TRIFLING MISCALCULATION.



(1) Little Alfred. Say, Billy, look at this 'ere old wall-eyed porpoise a-settin' on our divin' board. Let's take an' hoist him in, eh? Sweet William. Right! I'm on it!
(2) Little Alfred. 'Ush! 'E's as deaf as a stun-post. Now for a good shove!
(3) "Whoop! In yer go! Ow, crikey! 'Elp!" (4) SPLASH! Unfortu-

nately the guileless youths had forgotten to reckon on the recoil of the spring-board, which was a good 'un. (5) But when they had been kicked for three or four miles to their happy village home by the "old porpoise," to slow music of their own providing, they felt comparatively warm and dry. They had had their bathe, too, after all.

A SEASONABLE GRIEVANCE.



"It's truly disgusting bathing here! Why, there isn't a man on the beach."

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



Regina.

OBLIGING.



Mr. Short. Aw—no, thanks. You see, I've not brought any things with me.
Mr. Long. Oh! if that's all, I can lend you every thing—shoes, bags, racquet and costume, you know.